

Terms.

Two Dollars per annum, in advance.  
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in six months.  
Three Dollars at the end of the year.

A DIVERTISSE: as agreed on by the publisher  
of the papers in the County of Portage, January  
1st 1836.

For the first three insertions, one square  
one dollar—each additional insertion *twice*  
*five cents*. For one square, per annum, *ten*  
*dollars*. For one-fourth of a column, *fifteen*  
*dollars*. For half column, *twenty dollars*—  
For one column, *thirty dollars*.

Poetry.

From the Democrat & Arca-  
ROBIN ADAIR—A PARODY.

What's this dull town to me?  
No Cash to spare.

Nought that we wish to see—  
Homely our fare!

Sulky as butcher's dogs,  
Croaking as Milder's frogs,

Hungry as Christian's hogs,  
Laden with care!

What made the balls so gay?  
When we had cash!

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Vol. XIII. No. 8.

RAVENNA, (OHIO) THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1837.

Whole No. 632.

try where such athletic achievements  
were the *sine qua non* of a man's clever-  
ness, this was no ordinary honor. In a  
contest like the present, he had therefore  
every advantage over his fellow athlete.

The arena allotted for this hymeneal  
contest, was a level space in front of the  
village inn, and near the centre of a  
grass plot, reserved in the midst of the  
village, denominated the 'green.' The  
verdure was quite worn off at this time by  
previous exercises of a similar kind, and a  
hard surface of sand more befitting for  
the purpose to which it was to be used,  
supplied its place.

The father of the lovely blushing and  
withal happy prize (for she well knew  
who would win) with three patriarchal  
villagers were the judges appointed to de-  
cide upon the claims of the several com-  
petitors. The last time Carroll tried his  
skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to  
use the jumpers phraseology, twenty-one  
feet and one inch.

The signal was given and by lot the  
young men stepped in the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cri-  
ed one of the judges. The youth had  
done his utmost. He was a pale intellec-  
tual student. But what had intellect to  
do in such an arena? Without a look at  
the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden nineteen feet." Dick  
with a laugh turned away and replaced  
his coat.

"Harry Preston nineteen feet and three  
inches." "Well done Harry Preston,"  
shouted the spectators, "you have tried  
hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed and swore he only  
jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry  
was a rattle brained fellow, but never  
thought of matrimony. He loved to walk  
and talk, and laugh and romp with An-  
nette, but sober marriage never came into  
his head. "He only jumped for the fun  
of the thing." He would not have said  
so if he were sure of winning.

"Charley Simmons fifteen feet and a  
half." "Hurrah for Charley! Charley  
will win!" cried the crowd good humored-  
ly. Charley Simms was the cleverest  
fellow in the world. His mother had ad-  
vised him to stay at home, and told him  
if he ever won a wife, she would fall in  
love with his good temper rather than his  
legs. Charley however made the trial of  
the latter's capabilities and lost. Many  
refused to enter the lists altogether.—  
Others made the trial, and only one of  
the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see  
Harry Carroll. He ought to beat this,"  
and every one appeared as they called to  
mind the mutual love of the last competi-  
tor and Annette, as if they heartily wished  
his success.

Harry stepped to his post with a firm  
tread. His eye glanced with confidence  
around upon the villagers and rested be-  
fore he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and half!" shouted  
the multitude, repeating the announce-  
ment of one of the judges, twenty-one feet  
and a half. Harry Carroll forever—An-  
nette and Harry. Hands, caps and hand-  
kerchiefs waved over the heads of the  
spectators, and the eyes of the delighted  
Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his sta-  
tion to strive for the prize, a tall, gentle-  
manly young man in a military undress  
frook coat, who had rode up to the inn,  
dismounted and joined the spectators un-  
perceived, stepped suddenly forward and  
with a knowing eye measured delibera-  
tely the space accomplished by the last  
leaper. He was a stranger in the village.

His handsome face and easy address at-  
tracted the eyes of the village maidens,  
and his manly and sinewy frame, in which  
symmetry and strength were happily uni-  
ted, called forth the admiration of the  
young men.

"Mayhap sir stranger, you think you  
can beat that," said one of the by-stand-  
ers, remarking the manner in which the  
eye of the stranger scanned the arena.—  
"If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll  
you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The  
truth of this observation was assented  
to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pur-  
suing this pastime?" enquired the youth-  
ful stranger, or is there a prize for the  
winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest  
of our village maidens is to be the reward  
of the victor cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All young sir!" replied the father of  
Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor  
rising as he surveyed the proportions of  
the straight limbed stranger. "She is the  
bride of him who out-leaps Harry Car-  
roll; if you will try you are free to do  
so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll  
has no wife in Virginia. Here is my daugh-  
ter sir; look at her and make your trial."

The officer glanced upon the trembling  
maiden, about to be offered on the altar of  
her father's unconquerable nomination,  
with an admiring eye. The poor girl  
looked at Harry, who stood near with a  
troubled brow and angry eye, and then  
cast upon the new competitor an implor-  
ing glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of  
the judges, he drew a sash he wore be-  
neath it tighter around his waist, and tak-  
ing the appointed stand, made apparently  
without effort, the bound that was to de-  
cide the happiness or misery of Henry  
and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet one inch!" shouted  
the judge. The announcement was re-  
peated with surprise by the spectators,  
who crowded around the victor, filling the  
air with congratulations, not unmingled,  
however, with loud murmurs from those  
who were more nearly interested in the  
happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached and grasping  
his hand exultingly, called him his son  
and said he felt prouder of him than if he  
were a prince. Physical activity and  
strength were the old leaper's true patrons  
of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought  
with his eye on the fair prize he had, al-  
though nameless and unknown, so fairly  
won. She leaned upon her father's arm,  
pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and  
mortified, admiring the superiority of the  
stranger in an exercise in which he pri-  
ded himself as unrivalled, while he hated  
him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the  
victor taking her passing hand—"I have  
won you fairly." Annette's cheek be-  
came paler than marble; she trembled  
like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to  
her father, while her drooping eyes ad-  
dressed the form of her lover. His brow grew  
dark at the strangers language.

"I have won you my pretty flower, to  
make you a bride!—tremble not so vio-  
lently—I mean not myself however proud  
I might be," he added gallantly, "to wear  
so fair a gem next my heart. 'Perhaps,'  
and he cast his eyes round enquiringly,  
while the current of life leaped joyfully  
to her brow, and a murmur of surprise  
ran through the crowd—"perhaps there  
is some favored youth among the competi-  
tors, who has a higher claim to this jew-  
el. Young sir," he continued, turning to  
his surprised Henry, "methinks you were  
victor in the list before me. I strove not  
for the maiden, though one could not well  
strive for a fairer—but from love for the  
manly sport in which I saw you engaged.  
You are the victor, and as such with the  
permission of this worthy assembly, re-  
ceive from my hand the prize you have  
honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped  
his hand with gratitude; and the next mo-  
ment Annette was weeping from pure joy  
upon his shoulders. The welkin rung  
with the acclamations of the delighted vil-  
lagers, an amid the temporary excite-  
ment produced by this act, the stranger  
withdrew from the crowd, mounted his  
horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through  
the village.

"That night Harry and Annette were  
married, and the health of the mysterious  
and noble stranger, was drunk and in over-  
flowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In the process of time, there were born  
unto the married pair sons and daughters,  
and Harry Carroll became Col. Henry  
Carroll of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home  
after a hard campaign, he was sitting  
with his family on the gallery of his hand-  
some country house, when an advance  
courier rode up and announced the ap-  
proach of Gen. Washington and suit, in-  
forming that he should crave his hospital-  
ity for the night. The necessary direc-  
tions were given in reference to the house-  
hold preparations, and Col. Carroll order-  
ing his horse, rode forward to meet and  
escort to his house the distinguished guest,  
whom he had never seen, although serv-  
ing in the same widely extended army.

"That evening at the table, now become  
the dignified matronly and still handsome  
Mrs. Carroll could not keep her eyes  
from the face of her illustrious visitor.  
Every moment or two she would steal a  
glance at his commanding features, and  
half doubtingly, half assuredly, shake her  
head and look again, to be still more puzzled,  
her absence of mind and embarrassment  
at length became evident to her hus-  
band who enquired affectionately if she  
was ill?"

"I suspect Colonel," said the General,  
who had been some time with a quiet  
meaning smile, observing the lady's curi-  
ous and puzzled survey of his features—"that  
Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in  
me an old acquaintance."—And she  
smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed  
upon both alternately.

The Colonel started and a faint mem-  
ory of the past, seemed to be revived, as  
he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively  
from her chair, and bending eagerly for-  
ward over her tea urn, with clasped hands  
and an eye of intense, eager enquiry,  
fixed full upon him, stood for a moment  
with her lips parted as if she would  
speak.

"Pardon me," my dear madam—pardon  
me Colonel, I must put an end to this  
scene. I have become by dint of camp-  
fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap  
again twenty-two feet one inch, even for  
so fair a bride as one I wot of."

"The recognition, with the surprise, de-  
light and happiness that followed are left  
to the imagination of the reader.

Gen. Washington was indeed the hand-  
some young 'leaper' whose mysterious  
appearance and disappearance in the na-  
tive village of the lovers, is still tradition-  
ary—and whose claim to substantial body  
of bona fide flesh and blood, was stoutly  
contested by the village story tellers, un-  
til the happy denouement which took place  
at the hospitable mansion of Col. Carroll.

From the New Jersey Freeman.

SERENADE.

The sweet guitar is tinkling, love,  
The stars above are twinkling, love,  
The silver lake  
Is all awake,  
And pleasure-flowers are sprinkling, love.

The moon on high is beaming, love,  
Its brightest rays are gleaming, love,  
The night is fair,  
The balmy air  
Upbraids thee for thy dreaming, love,

O wake thee from thy sleeping, love,  
Ere morning dawn is peeping, love,  
And go with me,  
Where mirth and glee,  
Their carnival are keeping, love,

Wake for the hours are fleeting, love,  
The gay, the young, are meeting, love,  
Come join the throng,  
The dance, the song,  
And warm will be thy greeting, love,

Elizabeth-Town, June 10, 1837.

From the Newark Sentinel.

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

In America every mechanic is sup-  
posed to have, or to be about to have, a  
wife. The many thousands of these  
spouses are divided into sorts. Thus we  
have good and bad; very good and very  
bad; unspeakably good and unspeakably  
bad; and—as a sort of par expression—  
tolerable. It is not every good woman  
who is a good wife; nor is it every good  
wife who is a good wife for the mechanic.

A working man needs a working wife;  
but as to qualities of mind, manners, and  
morals, she cannot run to high in the  
scale. There is an error prevalent con-  
cerning this. Giles says, "I do not want  
a wife with too much sense." Why not?  
Perhaps Giles will not answer, but the  
shrug of his shoulders answers. "Be-  
cause I am afraid she will be an over-  
match for me." Giles talks like a sim-  
pleton. The unfortunate men who have  
their tyrants at home are never married  
to women of sense. Genuine elevation of  
mind cannot prompt any one, male or fe-  
male, to go out of his or her proper  
sphere. No man ever suffered from an  
overplus of intelligence, whether in his  
own head, or his wife's.

Hodge says, "I will not marry a girl  
who has too much manners." Very well,  
Hodge: you are right, too much of any  
thing is bad. But consider what you say.  
Perhaps you mean that a fine lady would  
not suit you. Very true, I should not de-  
sire to see you joined for life to what is  
called a 'fine lady,' to wit, a woman who  
treats you as beneath her level, sneers at  
your friends, and is above her business.—  
But this is not good manners. Real good  
manners, and true politeness, are equally  
at home in courts and farm houses. This  
quality springs from nature, and is the ex-  
pression of unaffected good will. Even  
in high life, the higher you go, the sim-  
pler do manners become. Parade and  
'fuss' of manners are the marks of half  
bred people. True simplicity and native  
good will and kind regard for the conve-  
nience and feelings of others will ensure  
good manners, even in a kitchen; and I  
have seen many a vulgar dame in an as-  
sembly, and many a gentlewoman in an  
humble shed. Nay, your wife must have  
good manners.

Ralph declares, "I hope I may never  
have a wife who is too strict and moral."  
Now, my good Ralph, you talk nonsense.  
Who taught you that can't? I perceive  
you do not know what you mean. Are  
you afraid your wife will be too virtuous?  
"Bless me! no." Then you rather prefer  
a moral wife to an immoral one? "Surely."  
Are you afraid then of a religious wife?  
"Why something like that was in my  
head; for there is neighbor Smith's wife  
who gives him no peace of his life, she is  
so religious." Let me hear how she be-  
haves herself. "Why she is forever teach-  
ing the children out of the Bible." Indeed!  
And you, Ralph, are an enemy of the Bi-  
ble? "Oh, no, but then—ahem—there is  
reason in all things." Yes, and the rea-  
son you have just given is made to do hard  
service. But let me understand you—  
Does Mrs. Smith teach the children any  
thing wrong? "O no, but plague it all! if  
one of them hears Smith let fly an oath,  
it begins to preach at him." Then you  
wish, when you have children, to have  
liberty to teach them all the usual oaths  
and curses, and obscene jokes that are  
common. "Dear me, Mr. Quill, you  
understand me." Yes, I understand you  
fully, it is you, Ralph, who do not under-  
stand yourself. Look here. Mrs. Smith  
is so religious that if she proceeds as she

has begun, her children will break their  
father of his low blasphemies. I hope  
you may get just such a wife. But then,  
Smith can't spend a couple of hours at the  
tavern for fear of his wife? And what  
does he go to the tavern for? "Just to sit  
and chat, and drink a little? And how  
does his wife interfere? Does she fetch  
him home? 'No.' Does she chastise  
him on his return? 'O no!' Does she  
scold him? 'No.' What is it then that  
disturbs him? 'Why she looks so solemn,  
and mournful, and shuts herself up so,  
and cries, whenever he is a little disqui-  
et, that the man has no satisfaction.'—  
Good, and I pray he may have none un-  
til he alters his course of life.

A proper self-respect would teach every  
noble-hearted American, of whatever class  
that he cannot set too high a value on the  
conjugal relation. We may judge of the  
welfare and honor of a community but its  
wives and mothers. Opportunities to ac-  
quiring knowledge, and even accomplish-  
ments, are happily open to every class  
above the very lowest, and the wise me-  
chanic will not fail to choose such a com-  
panion as may not shame his sons and  
daughters in coming age, when an igno-  
rant American shall be as obsolete as a  
fossil fish.

Away with flaunting, giggling, danc-  
ing, squandering, peevish, fashion-hunt-  
ing wives! The woman of this stamp is  
a poor comforter, when the poor husband  
is sick or bankrupt. Give me the house-  
wife, who can be a 'help meet' to her  
Adam:—

For nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good  
And good works in her husband to promote.

I have such a mechanic's wife in my  
mind's eye: gentle as the antelope, un-  
tiring as the bee, joyous as the linnet:  
neat, punctual, modest, confiding. She is  
patient but resolute; aiding in counsel,  
reviving in troubles, ever pointing out the  
brightest side, and concealing nothing but  
her own sorrows. She loves her home,  
believing with Milton that

The wife, where danger and dishonor lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures  
The place of woman is, evidently at the  
fire-side. It is at home you must see her  
to know what she is. It is less material  
what she is abroad; but what she is in  
the family circle, is all important. It  
is a bad merchandise, in any department  
of trade, to pay a premium for other  
men's opinions; in matrimony, he who  
selects a wife for the applause or wonder  
of his neighbors, is in a fair way towards  
domestic bankruptcy. Having got a wife,  
there is but one rule—Honor and Love  
her. Seek to improve her understanding  
and her heart. Strive to make her, more  
and more, such an one as you can cordi-  
ally respect. Shame on the brute in man's  
shape, who can affront or vex, not to say  
neglect, the woman who has embarked with  
him for life, for better for worse, and  
whose happiness, if severed from his  
smiles, must be unnatural and monstrous.  
In fine, I am proud of nothing in Ameri-  
ca so much as of our American wives.

CHARLES QUILL.

From the Detroit Spectator.

AN INTERVIEW.—We were sitting in  
our sanctum yesterday afternoon, puffing  
a glorious Havana, and musing, as we  
puff after puff, and behold the fanciful  
forms we had created, disappear, upon the  
evanescence of all earthly hopes and de-  
sires, when *tap—tap—tap*—was heard  
at our door.

"Walk in."  
An animal entered that made us actual-  
ly jump a foot out of our editorial chair; it  
had whiskers—an enormous head of hair  
in short it was the very *beau ideal* of a  
dandy. The creature had a cane. We  
thought of our article in last Saturday's  
Spectator;—all our sins came up before us,  
and we began to mutter over our prayers  
with the desperation of a drowning man  
catching at a straw. Its horrible feel-  
ing, reader—that is, the feeling that your  
time has come to die. May you live a  
thousand years.

"Measur, aw you the editaw of the  
Evening Spectator?"

"I—hem—why—hem—I spose I rath-  
er be, sir," giving him a most profound  
bow, by way of propitiation. Reader, if  
you had seen the big drops of perspiration  
standing upon our forehead just at that  
moment, you wouldn't be sitting in your  
chair laughing at us, as we happen to  
know that you are just at this moment.

"Wa-al, I have read in your colyums,  
an article which is personaw about dan-  
dies. Did you write it?"

"Yes—hem—no—that is—why, yes, I  
presume I did."

"Then, saw, there's maw caw."

We took it up with trembling hand.—  
It was beautifully enameled, and bore the  
name of—"JULIUS, PATRICIUS, CICERO,  
MONTIUS, CANNING, MONTAGUE,  
Michigan Exchan; &c."

"Maw friend will wait upon you to-mor-  
row."—Saying this, out he strutted, leav-  
ing us somewhat relieved, for we expected  
to be shot on the spot. Now we are in a  
quandary—"to fight or not to fight!—that's

the question.' We are no marksman;—  
we might at the distance of ten feet, hit a  
barn;—perhaps, we might—though it is  
doubtful—touch a cow or horse, but to  
send a bullet through a dandy, of the gen-  
us baboon—while you see a pistol looking  
death at yourself, is altogether an other  
question.

"What shall we do?"  
Fight to-be-shure. Your reputation  
will be ruined if you don't."  
"Well; we suppose we must."

P. S. Since the foregoing was written  
we have made our will, which we publish  
to prevent any humbuggery on the part of  
our heirs.

"Item. We leave two shillings, a pair  
of tolerable boots—(which heaven knows  
he needs)—our debts—and our blessing,  
to our brother editor.

"Item. We bequeath our half of the  
box of cigars due us by the Advertiser,  
to the Free Press.

"Item. We leave to the Advertiser  
all our right, title, and interest, in our  
new work on Natural History which is to  
exceed any other in point of perspicuity,  
beauty of diction, and correctness."—  
"Price \$20—wood cuts gratis."

"Item.—We bequeath six shillings—  
being the whole amount left, after the  
above legacies are paid—for the erection  
of an Insane Hospital in Detroit—which  
is very much needed.

"Item. We bequeath our body to the  
attention of the overseers of the poor,  
trusting they will see us buried decently,  
and have the following brief inscription  
over our grave,—

HERE LIES

THE BODY

OF

A worthy citizen,

A first-rate christian,

A spicy-racy-witty—editor.

Requiescat in pace.

All the above is in case we die;—if  
we should happen to hit him, why it all  
"goes for nothing," and, perhaps, we  
may give a history of the duel.

AMERICAN LOVE OF DISTINCTION.

The following is an extract from an ad-  
dress recently delivered before the Boston  
Phrenological Society, by Doctor S. Y.  
Howe.

As a people, the Americans think more  
and care more, for what is said about  
them, or what other people think of them,  
than any nation on earth. It is not to  
merit, but to get praise, and all sensible  
foreigners ridicule us for our sensitiveness  
to their opinions. We are continually  
striving to put the best foot forward  
before them, to show them how well we  
deserved to be called the freest, the most  
prosperous, the most moral people that  
ever existed. We can bear no criticism,  
no censure, and least of all, no ridicule.

And, among ourselves, in our social  
circles, what an anxiety about appear-  
ances, about the estimate we are held in by  
others; how seldom is the question asked  
—Is such an action right? In compari-  
son to—'Why! what will people think;  
what will the world say?' How many  
make themselves uncomfortable and un-  
happy, in order to do, or keep up a show  
of doing, not what they really take any  
pleasure in, but what they think will  
please others, or cause their envy.

And then, our love of distinction! our  
love of titles; our eager scramble to get  
on any stone that will raise us a head  
above our neighbors, that they may gaze  
and admire us. Our luxury, to